THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. | J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

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McKINLEY AND RECIPROCITY

Mr. Jules Siegfried is pretty positive that President McKinley stated to him recently that he had modified his views on the subject of protection and believed that the United States has so marvellously progressed industrially that we are ready to trade with foreign countries on a reciprocal basis. There is reason to believe that the president did express himself in a way somewhat resembling this, although an attempt is making on the part of some extreme protectionists to explain away the force of the expression.

There is not the slightest doubt that the president, since the campaign of 1896, when one of the issues was high protection, has modified his views through a conviction of the necessity of keeping open our markets abroad, by a somewhat aggressive diplomatic policy in the far Orient and through all reasonable concessions for reciprocal trade in Europe. The work of Mr. Kasson, expressly commissioned by the president under the authority of congress to negotiate reciprocity treaties in the new and old world countries, was accomplished under the reciprocity clause of the tariff of 1897, the reciprocity principle having been definitely indorsed by the republican party in its platform as the corollary of the protective policy.

These treaties were ignored and pigeonholed by the senate; nevertheless they remain as the expression of the will of the republican party. As such they ought to be brought up again at the next session of congress. If the two-thirds vote necessary to ratify a treaty cannot be obtained through the obstruction by the senate, a majority vote in each house, with the approval of the president, will enact a bill making the specific reductions agreed upon by the treaty with any foreign country, as France or Great Britain. This would work as effectively as a ratified reciprocity treaty. It is not impossible to secure such a majority vote on the treaties negotiated by Mr. Kasson, that with France being especially valuable to our trade with that country. Senator Cullom, indeed, says that the senate will regard the treaties more favorably at the next session.

It is a question of promoting the welfare of the whole country or of being bound by the protests of a few special interests on the ground of hypothetical injury to themselves. Republicans should bear in mind that a reciprocity provision was inserted in the McKinley tariff of 1890 and in the Dingley tariff of 1897, now in operation. That looks very much as if the republican party is committed irrevocably to the principle of reciprocity, does it not?

The Journal prize at the South Side High school commencement to-night will be presented by a former pupil of the South Side High, Mr. Paul Doeltz, who was The Journal prize winner in 1895. Mr. Doeltz is a senior at Princeton theological seminary and is preparing for the ministry. It is particularly appropriate that one who earned this reward six years ago should be the instrument through which it goes to the representative of a later generation in the same school.

There is no more familiar or truthful lesson taught by Esop the wise than the folly of killing the goose that lays the golden egg. And yet the workingmen of England have pretty nearly if not quite accomplished that supreme folly. By the arbitrary and unreasonable restrictions of their labor unions they have so handicapped their employers that to this fact in large measure, if not chiefly, must be attributed the inability of English manufacturers to meet successfully German and American competition. The unprogressive, out-of-date, trade-destroying conditions which they have sought to enforce have well nigh ruined the industries upon which they must depend for their living and distress is overtaking them and their employers and the country generally. The lesson is one which American workingmen should not fail to heed. Unreasonable restrictions upon individual skill and capacity for work and the dead level policy under which conscientious effort is discouraged and the desire to excel in workmanship is destroyed, tends directly in the way English industry has gone to its ruin. The trades union is credited with a large share of responsibility for the decline of English industry; it is to be hoped that American prospects may not be ruined by the same misguided policy; but in some of the conditions sought to be imposed there is reason to fear just that result—a result from which, of course, the wage earner would be the first and severest sufferer.

The Pioneer Press wants to reproduce in miniature, but large enough to serve as a state building, the new state capitol at the St. Louis fair in 1903. The fair is supposed to be a place to advertise resources. Shall we advertise at St. Louis the fact that we went to Georgia to get the stone out of which to build the state house? Better stick to butter.

KEEPING STEP WITH MAN

A number of pulpits in Minneapolis were yesterday occupied by women with the grace and dignity of the beautiful Hypatia. If Margaret Fuller were to return in the flesh she would be jubilant over the expansion of woman's opportunities. The Maid of Orleans is distanced and Penelope asserts and demonstrates her right to be something more than the baker of the family loaf and the weaver of the family cloth. She becomes, like Noah, a preacher of righteousness, as she understands it.

Woman preachers of to-day have the precedents of the ages. The four daughters of Philip the evangelist, mentioned by Luke in the book of Acts, were preachers, and, in the early church, there were many other women who exercised that function, as Prisca and Maximilla of Phrygia and Thekla, who was the type of the Christian teacher, preacher and baptizer. Tatian, the vigorous defender of Christianity, ardently defended the Christian custom of women studying philosophy and the absence in the Christian system of distinction of sex in the matter of education especially. Women who declaim against the church as the tyrant, enslaving and obstructing woman's "emancipation," should acquaint themselves with the facts.

It is noticeable in the woman sermonizing, yesterday, that the best exegete of the scriptures appears to have been Miss Laura Clay, who refuted a very false interpretation of Paul's language in Corinthians (1:14, v. 34), "Let the women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak." Miss Clay showed that this was no interdiction of an orderly discourse by a woman, but referred to the rather disorderly ripple of tittle tattle and disputations among the women of the congregations, which disturbed the discourse of the apostle. Miss Clay has doubtless studied her Greek Testament and knows the signification of the verb "laleo," which Paul uses in the passage referred to. Yet many women have for years been vehemently abusing Paul for uncompromising hostility toward women on the basis of a gross misinterpretation of the passage.

Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, in her sermon, in an effective way pointed out the necessity for "uncompromising obedience to the higher law" on the part of those who would undertake the very responsible function of teaching and preaching the gospel of reform. It is the absence of such knowledge and uncompromising obedience which has marked the promoters of the fads which appear in quick succession and disappear presently like the trail of a rocket. It is the uncompromising obedience to the higher law which will bring about the realization by the human race of the power and glory of the human brotherhood, which will fully develop the strength and beauty of both man and woman and actualize the alluring dream of perfect companionship.

Senator Mason is said to have lost his dignity when the harbor boat at Cairo struck the sandbar the other day and nearly threw him into the Father of Waters. That's what comes of Mason trying to take his dignity with him—a thing to which he is not accustomed.

A Study in Pigs

There is no telling what form a man's fad by which he rests his mind from a strenuous business life will take. Mr. Lawson, who built the cup defender, pays thousands of dollars for a new variety of pink. Another man is authority on rose culture. Other men have hobbies in the line of books or art. But it has remained for a wealthy New Yorker to indulge his tastes in the queerest of all fads—pigs. Mr. Hill makes a specialty of live stock, and of pigs to some extent, but this man is devoted exclusively to "the obese inhabitants of the sty." His pig house is a "porcarium" on the grounds of his seaside villa at Elberon, N. J. It is the most palacial residence in which a pig ever wallowed. It is, in fact, a finely constructed house, with hardwood floors and fancy wall finishings. Within this pig palace is a large shallow pool with a cement bottom. The "porkers" loll on beds of straw and inhale the ozone from the blue Atlantic. A skylight above the pig's private bathroom lets in the sunshine and the hides of the lucky pigs glisten with cleanliness and contentment. The porkers have for food several courses consisting of corn in plenty, skimmed milk, bran and middlings. Under this diet and lapped in a life of luxurious ease, worry is entirely banished from the porcine mind, and the beasts wax mightily in size and flavor. Their bristles become curly and shiny like the hair of an Angora goat.

But as time goes on, fate treads on the heels of luxury and, like common swine, they become fat enough to kill. There is a special room in the porcarium where the slaughtering takes place. There the sacrificial altar is raised. At the close of every summer season the sacrifices are made, and the porcine soul starts on its transmigration under, it is hoped, better auspices and conditions more adapted to call out the real nature.

During the pigs' journey through the vale of life the New York man enjoys every variety of pig character. The animals' relish of food after a salt water bath is said to be a study in mental science against holding the error of dyspepsia. No man can be troubled by insomnia after seeing these pigs sleep. One look into their palacial sty is an argument against taking anxious thought for the morrow. There are lessons in everything—even in the despised person of the pig.

Dr. Dowie says he is the Prophet Elijah and the preacher St. John reincarnated. Not many years ago there were three prominent reincarnated St. Johns all doing business on earth at the same time. The most prominent one was Edward Maitland, who was associated with Anna Kingsford, author of "Clothed with the Sun"; another was a Kansas City gentleman named Fillmore. The third was also in this country, but his name is forgotten. Besides these parties there were eight or ten reincarnated St. Johns of lesser importance. There seems to be a general tendency to pitch on St. John.

There are so called "scientific questions" which fortunately it is not necessary to happiness to have settled. Professor Huxley once wrote in regard to a scientific congress over which he was to preside: "All this week I shall be occupied in hearing one jackass contradict another jackass about questions which are of no importance."

Mrs. Appleman of Chicago is suing for divorce because her husband concealed from her until after their marriage the fact that he had a wooden leg. Too many women discover too late that it is usually the other extremity of the man that has a ligneous character.

Five large cracks have appeared in the earth at Butte, Mont., and the people are using courtplaster to hold their town together.

When Chauncey Depew's son graduates from college this month his father intends to give him a house and lot in New York with a $15,000 mortgage on it. The senator explains that he desires the boy to get his exercise lifting the mortgage.

A contractor, moving an old shack on Eleventh street, freely cut away the beautiful shade trees that are among the beauties of the city. And yet none of the residents shot at him. We are a lawabiding community and let the vandals run over us freely.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

"Which republican party? The one that gave McKinley 75,000 majority, or the one that gave Van Sant 2,500 majority?"

The above is the caustic reply made by a republican editor to a hint that he might be read out of the party for his hostility to the state administration. The remark has furnished the text for a wordy newspaper war. Democratic papers have handled it with especial glee, and no one has yet attempted to show the injustice the remark does to the republican candidate for governor.

The figures are approximately correct, and figures do not lie, but it is a mistake to take only one set of figures to demonstrate the vote getting abilities of a candidate. The actual vote for governor was as follows:

Van Sant	152,905
Lind	150,651
Van Sant's plurality	2,254

The vote for president stood thus:

McKinley	190,461
Bryan	112,901
McKinley's plurality	77,560

The figures show a difference of over 75,000 in pluralities, but that is counting every vote twice. They show that McKinley only got 37,556 votes more than Van Sant, though the gold democrats again voted for McKinley and Lind, and many Swedish republicans marked the same combination. Neither can be traced to any weakness on the part of Van Sant. It would have been the same with almost any man who could have been named on the republican ticket against Lind.

Comparing the vote with that of 1898, it will be found that while Lind only gained 18,671 on his off year vote, Van Sant received 41,109 more votes than Eustis. This is practically accounted for by the fact that most of the stay-at-home votes in 1898 were republicans, but it shows that the present governor is fully as good a vote-getter as the standard bearer of 1898.

A truer comparison is between the vote on governor and the rest of the state ticket. The vote on lieutenant governor is generally taken as the basis for figuring, and in 1900 it was as follows:

Smith	169,503
Meighen	126,419
Smith's plurality	43,084

This vote came nearer showing the normal republican strength than any other. There was no fight made on this office, and no matter how much the ticket is scratched, few scratch the lieutenant governor. Yet Smith got just 16,598 votes more than Van Sant. That may be safely taken as the number of republican votes Van Sant lost to Lind. Now in 1898 Smith got 17,430 more votes than Eustis, out of a much smaller total vote. So in estimating the strength of Van Sant as a candidate, the figure 16,598 should be taken as a measure, and not 75,000. In nearly every state of the union McKinley got larger majorities than the state tickets, but it was the same party behind both tickets, and it was the republican party that elected Van Sant governor. It was not so much any weakness of Van Sant that made him run behind, it was the strength of his adversary. Let us be fair.

The Albert Lea Tribune objects to having the editorial utterances of Sam Langum and Granville S. Pease quoted and scattered abroad as samples of republican sentiment. It intimates that neither is a republican "except for the office in sight." Pretty hard rub, but both are used to it.

—C. B. C.

AMUSEMENTS

E. H. Sothern has scored a thorough triumph in "Hamlet," which he will present at the Metropolitan to-night. Very seldom in the history of the stage has such an eventful production been recorded. It was past 12 o'clock when the curtain fell on the last act on the opening night in New York, yet at that late hour the theater was packed to the doors with one of the finest gatherings ever assembled in a New York playhouse, and the advent of the new Hamlet was cheered to the echo after the fall of the final curtain. The critics were all agreed that not only was it Mr. Sothern's finest performance, but the greatest presentation of Hamlet from a pictorial standpoint ever seen in this country. Owing to the elaborate character of the production, the curtain will rise at 7:45 p. m.

Seats are selling at the Metropolitan for the engagement the last half of this week, beginning with Thursday matinee, of "The Girl with the Auburn Hair" and the big vaudeville company which accompanies her. A special feature will be the granting of free admission at the Friday matinee to all ladies with auburn hair.

"Valley Forge," a strong, well constructed colonial drama, began a week's engagement at the Bijou yesterday and seemed to please the large audiences greatly. A review of the production will appear in this column tomorrow.

Present Status of Equal Suffrage.

To the Editor of The Journal:

As the meeting of the National Woman's Suffrage Association is just now calling public attention to the question of equal suffrage, a brief account of the actual gains of the movement up to date may be of interest to your readers.

Sixty-five years ago woman could not vote anywhere. In 1838, Kentucky gave school suffrage to widows with children. In 1850 Ontario gave it to women, both married and single. In 1861 Kansas gave it to all women. In 1867 New South Wales gave women municipal suffrage. In 1869 England gave municipal suffrage to single women and widows; Victoria gave it to women both married and single, and Wyoming gave full suffrage to all women. In 1871 West Australia gave women municipal suffrage.

School suffrage was granted in 1875 by Michigan and Minnesota, in 1876 by Colorado, in 1877 by New Zealand, in 1878 by New Hampshire and Oregon, in 1879 by Massachusetts, in 1880 by New York and Vermont. In 1880 South Australia gave women municipal suffrage.

In 1881 municipal suffrage was granted to the single women and widows of Scotland. Nebraska gave women school suffrage in 1883, Ontario and Tasmania gave them municipal suffrage in 1884, and Wisconsin gave them school suffrage in 1885. In 1886 municipal suffrage was given in New Zealand and New Brunswick.

In 1887 municipal suffrage was granted in Kansas, Nova Scotia and Manitoba, and school suffrage in North and South Dakota, Montana, Arizona and New Jersey. In the same year Montana gave taxpaying women the right to vote upon all questions submitted to the taxpayers.

In 1888 England gave women county suffrage, British Columbia and the Northwest gave them municipal suffrage, and the state of Washington gave them school suffrage. In 1889 county suffrage was given to the women of Scotland and municipal suffrage to single women and widows in the province of Quebec. In 1891 school suffrage was granted in Illinois. In 1893 school suffrage was granted in Connecticut, and full suffrage in Colorado and New Zealand. In 1894 school suffrage was granted in Ohio, a limited municipal suffrage in Iowa and parish and district suffrage in England to women both married and single. In 1896 full suffrage was granted in Utah and Idaho.

In 1898 the women of Ireland were given the right to vote for all officers except members of parliament; Minnesota gave women the right to vote for library trustees; French women engaged in trade were given the right to vote for judges of the tribunals of commerce, and Louisiana gave taxpaying women the right to vote upon all questions submitted to the taxpayers. In 1900 West Australia granted full parliamentary suffrage to women both married and single. In 1901 New York and Norway have given a limited suffrage to taxpaying women.

Years ago, when equal suffrage was much more unpopular than it is now, some one asked Bishop Gilbert Haven if it were true that he had been speaking at a suffrage meeting. "Yes," answered the bishop; "I don't want to fall in at the rear of this reform. I mean to march with the procession."

There can be no doubt as to which way the procession is moving.

—Alice Stone Blackwell.

Minneapolis, June 1, 1901.

Minneapolis Journal's Current Topic Series.

Papers by Experts and Specialists of National Reputation.

THE OPPORTUNITY AND THE MAN.

(Series under the direction of President Andrew S. Draper of the University of Illinois.)

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XVI.—FLOYD DAY

The most influential man in the mountains of eastern Kentucky is Floyd Day, lumber dealer adn merchant. Forty-six years of age, in the quarter of a century that has elapsed since he began business for himself, on a borrowed capital of $50, he has accumulated a large fortune. Thousands of familiies are dependent on him for a living; he owns outright between 10,000 and 15,000 acres of timber land in the mountains and his men operate over tracts aggregating between 40,000 and 50,000 acres. A thousand men are busy in his log camps, 500 more find regular employment in his mills. The scope of his business reaches through a dozen counties; his logs come from the headwaters of the Kentucky river and travel to Jackson, or 200 miles farther down, following the windings of the stream to Beattyville. He owns a dozen stores scattered in all parts of the mountain district and a large wholesale house at Jackson. His mills working at full capacity the year round could cut almost 1,000,000,000 feet of lumber. The Kentucky and the Red river and the Lexington & Eastern railroad cars deliver to him 150,000 to 175,000 logs a year, representing betweeen 36,000,000 and 50,000,000 feet of lumber. He sends to the great railroads of the country between 250,000 and 300,000 ties annually. His stave mills produce 1,500,000 staves each year. It would take a train of from 200 to 350 cars to haul to market the tanbark that is stripped by his men each year.

The business of Mr. Day and his partner, James Swan of New York, is incorporated under the name of the Clay City Lumber and Stave company. Under the control of this company are the mills at Clay City, Beattyville and Natural Bridge. At Jackson, the terminus of the Lexington & Eastern railway, are located the mills under control of the Day Bros. Lumber company, and at Torrent are the portable mills of Day & Congleton. All these mills are along the line of the Lexington & Eastern railway, which, with Lexington as a terminus, penetrates a hundreds miles into the mountain region of southern Kentucky.

Dealing With the Mountaineers.

Floyd Day, the brain and nerve force of these great business interests, is one of the most kindly, retiring, unobtrusive men in the district in which he lives. Nearly six feet in height, with brown eyes and hair, a nose rather long and thin, drooping brown mustache and a complexion almost as brown, deliberate in movement and in speaking, modest almost to a fault, he would never be picked out in a crowd as one capable of directing such an extensive business. His success has taken away none of his kindly disposition and he is as accessible to his humblest logger as he is to the city dealer who wishes to purchase a large consignment of dressed or rough lumber. Mr. Day has been properly called "the father of the mountain people," in the sense that he gives each of his employes his personal attention. The simple people of the more remote districts see him during his annual rounds, tell him their difficulties and follow his advice. Business in the mointains has to be conducted on a paternal basis that would cause astonishment in the large cities. Every year Mr. Day sets aside a certain sum for the profit and loss account, which represents the amount that he will practically give to hundreds of men through the counties of the district in which he operates his mills. Families of the improvident mountaineers almost starve during the winter. Then the father of six or seven or even eight or nine or ten children comes to one of the Day stores in his neighborhood and gets provisions on the promise of logs to be cut, or crossties to be delivered at the store as soon as the weather will permit of work. But the promise is more often forgotten than kept and there is never a rebuke for the storekeeper when Mr. Day appears on his rounds of annual inspection. "You did right; it won't do to let them suffer," is his most frequent comment.

His First Business Venture.

Mr. Day was born on Frozen creek, in Breathitt county, Dec. 18, 1854, being one of a family of nine, five brothers and four sisters. William Day, the father, was one of the most prosperous men of the section. He owned large holdings of farming and timber lands and engaged to a considerable extent in the logging business. His home was a favorite stopping place for travelers, who then traversed the country on horseback, and the big frame house was therefore the center of the news from the outer world. Floyd received the common-schoool education of the county and nothing more. When about 20 years of age he began work for himself. His father's logging business, however, soon needed his help, and he was made superintendent of it, serving three years in that capacity. During this time he made his first business venture. Borrowing $50 to make a first payment, he bought between 300,000 and 400,000 feet of poplar trees. He had the use of his father's teams and wagons and also the paternal indulgence to the extent of credit at his grocery near the home on Frozen creek. This was necessary, as almost invariably the logmen take their pay in trade at the store. He established a camp and went to work with a will. The logs were cut and sawed into proper lengths and rolled into the river, according to contract. They sold for about $1,500, leaving a profit of $500 in the hands of the young man.

Goods for Mountain Men.

Shortly after this time he moved to Hazel Green, a small town in Wolfe county, where his eldest brother, J. Y. Day, conducted a grocery. For three years the younger brother worked as a clerk. Then he bought a grocery of his own for $5,000. He paid his entire savings, $1,000 in cash, and gave a mortgage on the business for the rest.

The father in the meantime divided a portion of his land among his sons. Floyd's share amounted to $3,500 when sold, and with this and his earnings all debt was removed from his business. After four years the two brothers consolidated their stores and remained together for ten years. At that time the Kentucky Union railroad, now known as the Lexington & Eastern, had not been built, and Hazel Green was a central location for the mountain trade. Under the new management branch stores were established. The business prospered, and had it not been for the construction of the railroad the partnership might have been continued until this day. Floyd Day, however, saw that Hazel Green's prestige as an important business center of the mountains would pass as soon as the construction of the railroad was completed, and that Jackson would become the business center for the mountain country. Moving to Jackson, he established a store for general merchandise.

This parent store now has many branches through the mountains. The Jackson store does a large jobbing business, as well as attending to its retail trade. Mr. Day has another large store at Clay City, but the others are smaller, having stocks valued at from $2,000 to $5,000 each. They are at small stations along the line of the railroad and at points through the mountains. The connection between the lumber business and the business of running a number of stores carrying a line of general merchandise can be surmised when the crossties, staves, tanbark and logs piled around them are seen. The lumber dealer becomes a merchant and makes a profit in both ways. Very little money is used in the transaction of business. The mountaineer cuts his trees, hews out his crossties and splits his staves from the wood not fit for ties, strips his tanbark and brings them by wagon to the general store of his neighborhood. He rarely carries away any money with him. When he returns home he carries sugar, coffee, lard, bacon, calico for dresses for his girls and jeans for his boys.

Merchandise and Lumber.

In speaking of this trade recently Mr. Day said: "Of course it is necessary to have a man in charge who thoroughly understands his business. In the case of the larger stores there are two men; one attends to the portion of the business which relates to lumber and the other to the merchandise department. In all of these stores I require four accounts against the name of each man. These are under the heads of sawed lumber, crossties, staves and tanbark. It is necessarily an additional burden in keeping the books, but it systematizes the business to such an extent that I can tell which of these departments is paying best, and whether it is worth while to maintain all branches of the trade or whether I shall let drop any department. The ties, staves, tanbark and logs are piled around the store until I have a car load of ties, for example. These are then loaded on an open car and shipped direct to some buyer."

The Clay City lumber yards are the largest in the south. The little town of the name is about forty miles from Lexington, on Red river. This is the largest plant of the Day & Swan interests, and about 150 hands are employed. There are large planing mills as well as stave works, and there has been as much as 10,000,000 feet of lumber stored in the yards at one time. Poplar lumber is the specialty of the firm, but large quantities of oak are sawed as well. The sawmills at the place have a capacity of about 60,000 feet a day. The yards have a private electric plant, which also furnishes the town with light, and the large store supplies the wants of the employes. Day & Swan have mills at Beattyville and Natural Bridge as well, the former running about 50,000 feeet, the latter about 30,000 feet, a day. At Jackson are mills of the Day Bros.' Lumber company, with a capacity of 40,000 feet, and at Torrent are the interests of Day & Congleton. Here are three portable mills working now on Walker's creek. The capacity of the three small mills is 30,000 feet a day.

Roads for Hauling Logs.

At Natural Bridge the narrow-gauge roads and at Torrent what are called "tram roads" can be seen in operation. Mr. Day owns about ten or twelve miles of narrow-gauge road and about twenty miles of tram road. It is by this means that logs are taken to the mills and to the railroad stations at points where there are no facilities for sawing. These roads are invariably built in creek beds. The narrow-gauge roads are the more durable, having light-weight steel rails and light ties. Small steam engines operate on them and pull from six to eight cars of logs at a time. Great boulders have to be blasted from the way, and trestles, some of them fifty and one hundred feet high, are constructed in the making of a roadbed. The tram roads are built with small saplings for rails and larger ones for ties. On these roads mules draw the cars of logs, bringing between 1,000 and 1,800 feet at a load.

In the mountains of Kentucky timber is necessarily cut according to the creeks. These small streams flow down every ravine. Up the ravine the tram roads or the narrow-gauge road is laid. The timber in the ravine proper is first cut, and then the trees from the cliffs on either side. The timber cut on the top of the hills is brought to the edge of the cliff. Down below, where the land slopes from the foot of the rocky precipice to the bed of the creek, a broad roadway is cut through the saplings and underbrush and then timber is rolled over the cliff and down the steep incline until it reaches the tram road in the bed of the ravine. Here it is loaded on cars and transported to the mills or to the railroad.

Floating Logs to the Mills.

Where the creeks are large and a considerable amount of water is available, the tram-road method is not resorted to. The roads cost from $300 to $400 a mile in their construction and have to be abandoned as soon as the timber of the small district has been cut away. When possible, the creeks are dammed in rough but effective fashion and wide sluice gates are constructed of timber sawed by hand on the banks of the stream. Logs are rolled into the stream and the dam remains closed until several thousand logs have collected. The water meantime has backed up into a small lake, and when the gates are raised the logs are carried several miles down stream, where another dam agin serves to collect them and supply water to send them forward. The rivers near the headwaters are treated in the same fashion. On the Kentucky river there is a dam seven feet wide and twelve feet high. The sluice gate has a width of thirty feet. Men stationed on the dam with long-hooked poles push the logs into the sluice when the gate is opened. In the larger streams, where the water has a good constant depth, logs are floated as far as ten and twelve miles. It is often the case that dams opened far up the river raise the average level of the water of Red river at Clay City ten and twelve inches.

At Clay City, Beattyville and Jackson, the first being on the Rid river and the other two on the north fork of the Kentucky river, booms of logs are run along the shore for the purpose of catching the timber floated down stream with the freshets in the spring and fall. These booms are made by chaining together trees at the ends. They are six miles in length at Beattyville and four miles at Clay City and at Jackson. One end is attached to the bank at the mill, while the long line of slender trees chained together is stretched up the river, completely across it at its upper extremity, thus catching everything within the booms. This vast length of log booms is required to hold the thousands of logs that are floated down the red and Kentucky rivers to the Day mills. At Jackson and Beattyville 60,000 to 70,000 logs are floated down and caught in the booms each year, while at Clay City between 40,000 and 50,000 logs are caught.

Business Methods That Win.

In regard to his business methods, Mr. Day said recently: "I require books kept in such shape that I can tell just what each branch of the business is doing. Thus I can always tell what departments of the business are making money and what are losing money. When I find a loss anywhere I give that part of the business my personal attention until I find where the fault is. Every year I go over all the country where I am cutting timber, up every stream, and in this way I get acquainted with the conditions where my men are logging. I have inspectors who cover their respective districts once a month. With the information acquired by my annual inspection tour I am in a position to advise and consuult with them as to the dams, tram roads and other improvements necessary to be put in and can grasp their monthly reports on the progress of the work more fully than if I had not been on the ground myself. It takes me from six weeks to two months to cover the entire district."

Mr. Day and his family reside in a pretty home in Jackson. Mr. Day gives this advice to young men starting in business: "They should remember two things—first, to look after their health; and, second, not to think any detail of business too trivial to merit their personal attention."

R. L. McClure

Man, Chaperone and Maid. *By Anna S. Richardson.*

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"You are entirely too young and attractive to chaperone Ruth," observed Mrs. Cuscadden, surveying her companion with a cool, critical glance. "But she fairly has hysterics when I suggest her going home with me. And really the dear child has seen nothing of Paris, and she wants another week or so in London. If you could, my dear Leslie—"

Mrs. Leslie Burns instantly replied that she could nad she would—with pleasure. So it happened that Mrs. Rogers Cuscadden sailed alone for New York to settle some vexed questions regarding the new house. Her parting warning to Mrs. Burns was:

"Now remember, Leslie, no international entanglements for Ruth. You know how Mr. Rogers feels on the subject. Besides I want to bring her out this season, heart whole. A love affair is always a handicap for a debutante."

Never did chaperone use more graceful tact in executing her trust. Without making enemies, she warded off the many admirers attracted to the vivacious young heiress, until George Hackett appeared on the scene, dropping from some unheard of point in the orient. Well-bred, well-groomed, well-tailored, breezy and alert, he was diplomacy proof.

Attaching himself to their party of two, he proved distressingly convenient and desirable. He knew his Paris by heart, and steered his country-women from bore-dom with a skillful hand. Ruth boldly espoused his cause and informed Mrs. Burns that she was having a much pollier time since Mr. Hackett's arrival. Whereupon Mrs. Burns read her charge the first long lecture of their companionship. Not that it would do any good, she argued, for how could any heart-whole girl withstand George Hackett?

When the stay in Paris drew to a close, Mrs. Burns heard with dismay that Mr. Hackett was accompanying them as far as London. And London was but Paris repeated. Mr. Hackett knew just what points of interest Ruth would enjoy, and what she should avoid. He was more useful than Baedeker, and infinitely better company.

But when the day for sailing from Southampton was set, and Mrs. Burns learned that the ubiquitous Mr. Hackett had taken passage on the same boat, despair filled her soul. To the experienced chaperone no episode is more heavily charged with danger than an ocean voyage. At first she had been as rude as her gentle nature would permit. But the more chilly her reception, the more assiduously would he devote himself to Ruth. If she occasionally relented and treated him with gracious tolerance, Mr. Hackett showed eager appreciation of her favor and waxed brilliant.

She was thinking it all over to-night as she sat alone on the deck. In less than twenty-four hours, the captain had said, they would be in New York harbor. Then must come the accounting to Mrs. Cuscadden. No doubt at this very moment, under the cover of coon songs in the saloon, Mr. Hackett was whispering into the ears of Ruth those tender words which he should not be permitted to whisper.

The traitorous chaperone felt a sudden twitching at her heart-strings. Should she defy fate in the form of Mrs. Cuscadden? For herhelf it would mean but a broken friendship—for George Hackett, it meant happiness for life. Strangely enough she did not seem to consider Ruth's happiness. She was thinking only of her girlhood, when Hackett's friendship had been such a very dear thing, when she would have given him—promised him—anything he might ask, but he had not asked.

The coon singer had finished, and the softer trains of a popular waltz floated out on the night air. A great wave of tenderness swept over Leslie Burns. Why should she stand between the man she had loved and the happiness he now craved?

Alas for the confiding, complacent Mrs. Cuscadden and her maternal plans!

Mrs. Burns drew her cape more closely and shivered slightly. A shadow fell across the bar of light streaming from the gangway. A voice clear but not loud broke the silence brooding on the deck.

"May I have my cigar out here with you, Mrs. Burns?" Then as he dropped into the chair at her side: "What a bore one's traveling companions become, directly land is sighted. I don't blame you for getting off to yourself."

"Oh, it wasn't that exactly," murmured Mrs. Burns. Then with the air of trying to fill in an awkward pause, she added: "But there is a subtle joy in feeling that to-morrow night we shall see the New York harbor lights gleaming. There's no place in the world just like New York—to us."

"Shall you stop in town?" queried Hackett.

"Just a day or so. I've a week promised to Mrs. Davenport at Tuxedo."

"Glad to hear that! I shall be in Tuxedo next week. Harry's taken a box down there for the rest of the season."

"But the Cuscaddens will be at the Hot Springs until their new place is finished." The remark sounded strangely flat to Mrs. Burns, and instantly she wished she had not given vent to her thought. Again she covered an awkward pause. "Dear me, I wonder where Ruth is this very minute."

"When I saw her last, dancing with young Ransome. A harmless youth, I assure you," he added, whimsically, as Mrs. Burns made a motion to rise. "Don't go, please—I have something I must tell you before we land."

It was coming. The guilty chaperone closed her eyes, figuratively, and prepared to take the plunge. She would pledge her aid—and give it.

"Leslie——"

She started. Five years had passed since she had heard that name from his lips. Vaguely she wished he had commenced some other way.

"Do you remember when father sent me abroad? I was fresh from college, not much more than a boy. I knew little of life—women least of all. My experiences abroad, with fellows I liked, first bewildered, then fascinated me, and when father wrote I might make another year of it, I was wild with delight.

"But you remember I wrote to you regularly. I supposed you understood. When I read of your coming out, I was tremendously proud. I think I ordered lilies of the valley for you—by cable. I remember, too, thinking that when you'd had a season of that sort of thing, and I'd finished my jaunt, we'd settle down and be—very happy. I never dreamed that you were waiting for me to say so. I thought so clever a girl as you could read between the lines of my letters, and somehow I wanted to hear a certain little word from your lips."

The woman at his side started to speak, but he waved her aside. The crimson glow of his cigar had turned to gray ashes, but he still clutched it between his fingers.

"The letter announcing your engagement reached me in Madrid. I've never been in the God-forsaken hole since. When I reached America you and your—husband had gone abroad. For a year I tried life on the street, but I could not stand for it. Then I tried shooting lions in Africa and tigers in India. That went better than fleecing lambs in Wall street. I was visiting with a mighty good follew on Curzon's staff, when I heard—quite by accident—that you were—free. Two days later I turned my face westward. I did not intend to stop in Paris—but you were there. I thought—great heavens, how I hoped, you'd be glad to see me, but you were not. And Leslie," his tone was actually commanding, "I want to know why."

The woman had been listening with bowed head, but with a strangely happy light gleaming in her eyes. Hesitatingly, incoherently, she explained her conduct in Paris, in London and aboard ship. Before she finished, Hackett, possessing himself of both her hands, exclaimed:

"And you really thought it was that child! Oh, Leslie, Leslie, couldn't you read the truth in my eyes?"

Mrs. Burns suddenly recalled her duties as chaperone. She withdrew her hands from his masterful grasp.

"How could I look you in the eye when I knew I was unfaithful to the trust imposed in me by Mrs. Cuscadden?"

The old piquant humor rang in her voice. She had risen. From the saloon came the tintinnabulation of light dance music. The deck was free from promenaders. They were alone—for the first time in five years.

* * * * *

"Oh, what will Mrs. Cuscadden say?"

Hackett bent over to gather up her wraps.

"I really don't see that she has anything to do with our little affair, provided you return her daughter, heart-whole and free from international entanglements," he answered joyously.

A shadow fell across the bar of light, then another, and the figure of a girl was silhouetted against the brilliant interior of the ship.

"Mrs. Burns, where are you? We're going to have a good, old-fashioned Virginia reel to celebrate our last night on board. Do hurry up! We have a partner waiting for you."

Then as Hackett's dark figure suddenly loomed up behind Mrs. Burns, he glanced mischievously at Ruth, and exclaimed with a happy ring of ownership in his voice:

"Won't I do for her partner? I rather think this dance is mine."

Daily New York Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row, New York.

No Sentiment Here.

June 3.—That there is an essential difference between the American and English types of mind is well illustrated in the recent sale of the old home of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the founder of a great fortune and a great name. According to English standards, the old colonial mansion, the home of generations of Vanderbilts, should have been kept in the family so long as there was an heir. Still a quaint and imposing affair, surrounded by beautiful grounds, it is located in one of the pleasantest parts of Staten Island, and as the original home of the commodore had everything to commend it to the affection and reverence of his sons. But in spite of the new aristocracy of wealth, the democratic spirit prevails, and the old home was knocked down to the highest bidder, at a public auction sale, for a little over $16,000. The house has not been owned by a Vanderbilt in twenty years.

The Sportive Police Chiefs.

While the members of the National Association of Police Chiefs of the United States and Canada were in town, they were evidently determined to make the best of their opportunities. One would not have judged from the evident delight with which they gamboled about the town into the sma' wee hours of the night, that the visitors were the staid and stolid conservators of the law and decorum in the sections from which they came. Under the amused attentions of De